

SUPPLEMENT TO
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 Relating to Travel and Touring.

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TRAVEL SUPPLEMENT.

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TRAVELLERS AND THEIR BOOKS.

DR. JOHNSON declared, in 1775, that writers of travels were "more defective than any other writers." A characteristic reason for this was assigned in one of his letters to Mrs. Thrale: "Those whose lot it is to ramble can seldom write, and those who know how to write very seldom ramble." One may observe in passing that this sweeping condemnation seems to prove that Johnson had never dipped into the pages of Hakluyt, which Froude truly described as "the Prose Epic of the modern English nation." Nothing in literature is more striking than the success almost uniformly attained by the unknown or forgotten authors of the English voyages in vivifying their records.

"In most cases the captain himself, or his clerk or servant, or some unknown gentleman volunteer sat down and chronicled the voyage which he had shared; and thus inorganically arose a collection of writings which, with all their simplicity, are for nothing more striking than for the high moral beauty, warmed with natural feeling, which displays itself through all their pages."

We know no more charming books in which to dip for recreation in an idle hour than the thirty-two volumes in which the enterprise of a modern publisher has reproduced the collections of Hakluyt and Purchas. They show how well the traveller may be inspired when he takes no account of so-called "literary" artifice, but is content to follow the advice of Sidney's muse:—

Look in thy heart and write.

The travellers of the eighteenth century, however, of whom Johnson was evidently thinking, had no such simple and adequate machinery to content them, and their readers were the sufferers. We cannot resist the pleasure of quoting the delightful

passage in which Johnson, in his ninety-seventh 'Idler,' pokes fun at a kind of traveller who is still occasionally to be met with:—

"Of those who crowd the world with their itineraries, some have no other purpose than to describe the face of the country; those who sit idle at home, and are curious to know what is done or suffered in distant countries, may be informed by one of these wanderers, that on a certain day he set out early with the caravan, and in the first hour's march saw, towards the south, a hill covered with trees, then passed over a stream, which ran northward with a swift course, but which is probably dry in the summer months; that an hour after he saw something to the right, which looked at a distance like a castle with towers, but which he discovered afterwards to be a craggy rock; that he then entered a valley, in which he saw several trees tall and flourishing, watered by a rivulet not marked in the maps, of which he was not able to learn the name; that the road afterwards grew stony, and the country uneven, where he observed among the hills many hollows worn by torrents, and was told that the road was passable only part of the year; that going on they found the remains of a building, once, perhaps, a fortress to secure the pass, or to restrain the robbers, of which the present inhabitants can give no other account than that it is haunted by fairies; that they went to dine at the foot of a rock, and travelled the rest of the day along the banks of a river, from which the road turned aside towards evening, and brought them within sight of a village, which was once a considerable town, but which afforded them neither good victuals nor commodious lodging.

"Thus he conducts his reader through wet and dry, over rough and smooth, without incidents, without reflection; and, if he obtains his company for another day, will dismiss him again at night, equally fatigued with a like succession of rocks and streams, mountains and ruins. This is the common style of those sons of enterprise who visit savage countries, and range through solitude and desolation; who pass a desert, and tell that it is sandy; who cross a valley, and find that it is green. . . . He that reads these books must consider his labour as its own reward; for he will find nothing on which attention can fix, or which memory can retain."

This amusing criticism is to-day applicable only to a small percentage of travellers. Mr. Kipling is not fond of the globe-trotter who travels for days and writes for weeks, the result being sometimes a book which could have been spared. But on the whole the modern traveller has freed himself from the reproach of dullness which was brought, with some justice, against his eighteenth-century predecessor. To any one who has in the course of his business to glance through the books published week by week it is apparent that books of travel make the biggest heap after fiction, theo-

logy, and educational works. The surprising thing is that they keep up to so high a standard of interest, as a glance through the reviews in this Supplement will illustrate. The world is so well known nowadays that it seems difficult for the average globe-trotter to write a book about his experiences which has any real justification for existing. So far as actual descriptions of landscape and scenery, of hills and cities, are concerned, this is true enough. Most of the world has been examined and described, mapped and photographed, and reduced within the limits of the adequately known. It is only the exceptional traveller who has anything new to tell under this head; and even in the books of a Scott or a Shackleton it is rather the adventurous element, the tale of hardships bravely borne or resourcefully surmounted, than the merely topographical element which attracts the reader. The traveller who goes in search of purely geographical knowledge is rare, and those who still aspire to interest the world with a record of their journeys must bear in mind Johnson's further maxim: "He that would travel for the entertainment of others should remember that the great object of remark is human life."

In the tantalizing fragment of what should have been one of the greatest of travel books Stevenson lays it down that the traveller who wishes to have anything noteworthy to tell must learn to rouse and share the "sense of kinship" between himself and the denizens of other lands. The ability to do this—not merely among the Marquesans or the Eskimo, but also in Provence, the Engadine, or the Cumberland dales—is the one qualification that makes travel pleasant at the time and profitable in the retrospect. We do not deny that a keen lover of scenery may have a thoroughly delightful tour round the world without ever speaking to a soul, except a steward or a waiter; as a race, indeed, Englishmen are rather notorious for "keeping themselves to themselves" when they travel. But the globe-trotter who wants to write a book about his experiences will be prudent to keep his ears open as well as his eyes, and fill his note-book with conversations and human impressions, rather than with word-paintings of sunsets and landscapes. Such a book as Mr. Stefánsson, the young Canadian explorer, has lately given us about the Eskimo is worth a hundred of the average records of travel, because once for all it answers the questions that we are all inclined to ask about an exotic and alien form of life. But then Mr. Stefánsson is a professional, whilst the average writer of a book of travel is only an

amateur. He devoted some five years to living with the Eskimos like an Eskimo, thus establishing that "sense of kinship" mentioned by Stevenson through which alone it is possible to get at the heart of the life of any race. It would be unfair to ask every writer to make similar sacrifices in devotion to an idea; but if any one wants the recipe for writing a really notable travel-book, he cannot do better than follow Mr. Stefánsson's lead.

Among books of travel, however, as in most other departments of literature, it is impossible to lay down any definite rules for success. The writer's enthusiasm may vary from the history of the past to the developments of the future, from a chance of getting killed to a chance of getting statistics or orchids. Here, as elsewhere, we are reduced to acknowledge with Voltaire:—

Tous les genres sont bons, hors le genre ennuyeux.

The only unforgivable thing is to bore your reader. As long as that is avoided it is possible to write a successful book of travel, even if your migration has never been further than from the blue bed to the brown, or (like Alphonse Karr's) round the garden. We must not, of course, be supposed to mean that it is playing the game fairly to write about Tibet without having, at least, made an effort to get there, or to describe the ascent of Chimborazo without ever having left the base camp. We only mean that the man who can see with his own eyes, and has the gift of describing what he has seen and felt in that indefinable but easily recognized fashion which differentiates literature from book-making, is the best of travel-writers; it really does not matter very much where he goes. The real classics in this branch of literature are all "sentimental journeys," in which the personality of the author is more important than his route. Stevenson's 'Travels with a Donkey' and 'Inland Voyage,' Mr. Morley Roberts's 'Western Avernus,' Clarence King's 'Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada,' Whymper's 'Scrambles among the Alps,' and Mr. Hilaire Belloc's 'Path to Rome' hold a place in our affections which is more enviable than the respect we pay to Cook and Anson, Stanley and Livingstone, Peary and Nansen. But it must be acknowledged that nothing is more pitiful than the "sentimental journey" which is not of the first class; in this respect it ranks with poetry—it is either very good or it is horrid. We seriously believe that a hundred men could write a new 'Crossing of Greenland' or 'Through the Dark Continent' for one who could satisfy us with a new 'Inland Voyage.' These masterpieces are few and far between. Let us be thankful that the publishing season has introduced us to so many agreeable travelling companions, whose books are the best substitute for that modern "magic carpet," a ticket round the world.

ROUND THE MEDITERRANEAN.

THE first book before us, 'Ægean Days,' by Prof. Manatt, bears an attractive title. Books of travel in Greece make up a library in themselves, but, as most of them are written by cultivated men and scholars, there is generally merit in them. Yet it is not given to many to attain even a limited immortality. Curzon's 'Monasteries of the Levant' is a book still valued and read, and Dr. Mahaffy's 'Rambles' are now appearing, though forty years old, in a sixpenny American edition, which the author probably regards with the same feelings as Verdi's when he heard his "Ah! che la morte," on a barrel-organ in the street. But very possibly it is not the best that have lasted. Prof. Manatt quotes delightful things from Tournefort's book published about 1700; yet how many people have seen it? Clarke's and Dodwell's books have stores of information, though now over a century old.

The fact is that Greece and its islands are an inexhaustible mine of interest. Perhaps the islands have received less than their due share of attention, even since Theodore Bent's careful book, which Prof. Manatt never mentions; and the present study omits at least two islands or groups of much importance—Milo and Thera, the latter now known as Therasia, which, with its sister Santorin, lies round the crater of one of the largest volcanoes in Europe. But to compass the whole Ægean would require at least three volumes on the present author's scale. What we do regret keenly is that the book contains no map of the Ægean or of the separate islands described. These would have been far more instructive than the photographic views, which are monotonous, and contain hardly any distinctive features. And why not reproduce the Lion of Soulis (on Keos), which few persons have seen, and which is carved out of the live rock, like Thorwaldsen's famous lion at Lucerne?

We think the author more successful when he is treating history and literature than when he is describing nature. Probably he may not agree with us, but we think that there are far too many descriptions of scenery, which few readers have the imagination to grasp, and the features of the islands are, after all, homogeneous in their variety. Even such a master as Walter Scott can be tedious in his descriptions of the Scotch highlands. When Prof. Manatt comes to a chapter on Chios he is first-rate, and so he is when he is describing Dr. Dörpfeld's fascinating theory that Homer's Ithaca is really the Leucas (or Leucadia) of history. When

Ægean Days. By J. Irving Manatt. (John Murray, 12s. net.)

Days in Attica. By Mrs. R. C. Bosanquet. (Methuen & Co., 7s. 6d. net.)

Roman Memories in the Landscape seen from Capri. By Thomas Spencer Jerome. (Mills & Boon, 7s. 6d. net.)

Desert and Water Gardens of the Red Sea. By Cyril Crossland. (Cambridge University Press, 10s. 6d. net.)

he tells us of his delightful expeditions with that famous explorer, one cannot but wonder why the latter has been silent since he left Athens, and why we have not heard his voice from his retreat in Germany. We can hardly credit the whisper that he is silenced by the disfavour of certain gods of Berlin, to whom originality not their own is said to cause annoyance. *Tantane celestibus ira!*

The author concludes his account of Chios with a strong appeal against the permitting of Turkey to reoccupy the islands—especially this, the most valuable of them, where a rich and peaceful population were massacred with shocking brutality or carried into slavery by the Turks in 1822. The memory of those horrors is still fresh on the island. But the author, writing this part of his book in 1912, does not anticipate another danger, which is now far more serious—the retaining of the islands near the Asiatic coast by Italy, who occupied some of them, notably Rhodes, during the war with Turkey, and is now beginning to speak of the Ægean as *il nostro mare*. It was so in the great days of Venice, and the occupation of Chios by Genoa for some centuries may be quoted in favour of Italy, though Morosini's crime in bombarding the Parthenon is one which the civilized world can never forgive.

These and many other such general considerations are suggested by our author's fascinating pages. If we allow ourselves a criticism, and an anticipation why the book may not last longer than its ephemeral brethren, it is this: it seems to have been composed at various times—piecemeal, so to say, and put together without careful welding. It is not the work of one jet, like the others we have mentioned, and it is not the careful construction of a student co-ordinating his materials. There are pages that are already antiquated in the writer's view, for they are followed by others telling us so, and giving all the new information that supersedes them. This is the case, e.g., with the account of the poet Bacchylides and with that of Ithaca. It may no doubt be interesting to know the state of the author's mind, and of his knowledge, at various moments; but it prevents his book from being a work of art, and it is only works of art in this sense that endure. This is the reason that the author's countryman Mr. Horton has set down the experiences of a holiday residence in Argolis in a way superior to the present work. The book on Argolis we appreciated years ago in these columns, and a handsome reprint showed that our judgment had been endorsed. Picturesqueness is not wanting in the present writer, as when he speaks of an island village high above him as "looking like a flock of seagulls lit on a beetling cliff," but more artistic method is needed.

In his details the Professor is, of course, trustworthy. He gives, however, too much credit to Aldus, and speaks of him as if he were the first or main printer of Greek books. That is not so. Far finer

Greek books—e.g., the Florentine 'Homer' and the Milanese 'Isocrates'—were printed before Aldus (1488 and 1493 respectively), and if Aldus did anything for Greek printing, he ruined it by taking fourteenth-century MSS. for his models, with their ugly contractions, instead of the far finer MSS. of the tenth century copied by the earlier masters.

When our Professor gets to Lesbos he is full and charming about Sappho, and gives us the best renderings of her matchless fragments, all except the newest, in which she speaks of one of her pupils going to Sardis to shine as the moon among the lesser lights, and turns aside for a moment to an exquisite picture of dewy summer night. His strong advocacy of Sappho's morality as mistress of a high school of the American fashion cannot stand, we think, against such evidence as this. No respectable Greek parents of the sixth century B.C. would have had their daughters so educated, and there was only one way for a girl to shine as a moon among the stars, either at Lesbos or at Sardis.

It is impossible to do more than touch these few points in a volume full of suggestion, which often excites criticism.

We suppose that the title of 'Days in Attica,' by Mrs. Bosanquet, was fixed too soon, or else the first sixty pages are an afterthought (as the Irish would say), for we begin with an excellent account of Crete and its marvellous antiquities, prefaced by a short allocution on Greek travel. We have not found the details quite conformable to our experience. The author says the railway stations are never crowded; we have found many, especially that at Athens, encumbered with idlers and loafers. It can hardly be different now, and, indeed, the whole book shows traces of having been composed a little while ago. There is no allusion to the tremendous events of the last two years. The author thinks that fruit, vegetables, game, &c., which are now scarce and dear at Athens, were once plentiful. If so, it was certainly not within the last fifty years, as sundry travellers have told us. But though the author has supplied a goodly list of books in her Bibliography at the end of the volume, there are some perhaps too obvious works which she ignores. Among them are Clarke's celebrated 'Travels' and Prof. Mahaffy's 'Rambles and Studies.' The latter would have told her that the meadow of asphodel really means a desert where nothing else grows; that, according to Dörpfeld's measurements, the theatre at Athens would not hold, even with gangways filled, more than 15,000; also that Plato never said that 30,000 citizens heard any play of Agathon at a single performance, any more than 50,000 Londoners ever heard a play of Shakespeare at the same performance. Yet it would be quite natural to say—"Shakespeare, whose plays 50,000 Londoners are familiar with"; and this is all that Plato said.

As we have said, there is such a library of books on Greece that a fierce light beats upon any new treatment of the great subject, and according as the critic is intimate with this or that spot, he can easily find fault with small imperfections. Thus the only objection which other travellers have found to the pepper trees, which ought to be by this time a great ornament of Athens, is that the owners of the houses hack off branches whenever they like, and so mutilate them shamefully. The want of firewood is, of course, a crying evil in Greece, and the people whom the author describes and pictures as carrying brushwood into Athens are those who actually dig out shrubs and the stumps of trees by the roots so as to make any new growth impossible. This habit and that of allowing Vlach shepherds to feed their flocks on the young shoots that do escape are rapidly making Greece a treeless country. The traveller starting from Patras by train along the Gulf of Corinth presently passes through a tract of land preserved by or for the Crown from such devastations, and there he can see the variety and splendour of the woods of Greece when unharmed by man. The woods of Tatoi, and the Royal Garden at Athens, of which there is here a most delightful and perfectly faithful description—these are artificial improvements upon Nature, yet not more beautiful. The author's pages on this garden suggest to us that her book is very much a book of sentiment, and that is perhaps the essence of a good book of travel. It must be sentimental, or it will serve only the use of the moment, not the pleasure of readers who are educated. But the mixture of facts and of sentiment in the right proportions is a matter of great delicacy, and hence it is that most authors miss perfection. To our taste there is too much fanciful writing in the volume before us, with a consequent looseness of epithets that seem to a sober reader a defect in style. Thus the form of the Parthenon is called pyramidal, and the Attic mountains, in spite of their names, are made feminine for effect's sake; and we have "crystal gulfs of air" and other phrases hard to realize.

But for all that the book is very good reading; it contains a great deal of sound information, and brings out all manner of stray learning when one least expects it. Thus the author quotes, from a recent discovery in the Bodleian, quaint, but shrewd advices about the finding and treating of antique marbles supplied to the Earl of Arundel "by a certain William Petty." We think that this must be the famous Sir Wm. Petty who afterwards purchased Lord Arundel's house and garden in London, probably with its treasures. There can hardly have been another man of the same name, yet his descendant and careful biographer, Lord Fitzmaurice, knows nothing of this side of Petty's agitated life. The fact that in 1651 he got leave of absence from his college and went abroad (no one knows whither) leaves room for our identification. With his other myriad ac-

complishments this astonishing man had guessed where the best things in Greece should be looked for—Olympia, Delphi, Delos, Ephesus, Pergamum!

But if on such matters the author cannot rival Petty, there is one aspect of the book in which her knowledge is not only first hand, but also that of a sympathetic observer: we mean the chapters on the home life of the Greeks, and especially of the poor. When speaking of the habits of the rich at Athens she does not perhaps emphasize sufficiently the Southern fashion of making the midday *déjeuner* the state meal, and not the late dinner. She might also have said a word about the peculiarities of Greek cooking. We make bold to add to her information that the Greek mayonnaise of fish is the best of the kind in Europe, probably owing to the excellence of the olive oil of the country. But here we are transcending our modest duty. When she comes to speak of the peculiarities of the peasants and of the servants with whom she had to deal, any one who knows the Irish poor feels how extraordinary the likeness is—this, too, others have noted. We find the same improvidence, the same optimism, the same light regard for truth, the same resourcefulness, the same loyalty. Here is a profound sentence that fits either race: "No Greek servant ever fails to rise to an emergency. He loves emergencies. It is the daily round that gruels him." It is an interesting problem whether nations that have a contempt for truth also have a dislike of it. We may infer from our author that it is not so, and on such a question she must be a first-rate authority. Nothing can exceed the clearness and the interest of these concluding chapters of her book.

Mr. Jerome's 'Roman Memories in the Landscape seen from Capri' is an instalment, as he tells us, of a larger work on the Julian-Claudian emperors, which he hopes to publish this year. We are well pleased at the prospect, for the book before us is very good reading, and exactly suited, as he argues, to the immense body of Anglo-Saxon readers who are neither learned nor conspicuously ignorant. But even the learned have much to learn from the author's worldly and non-pedantic view of things.

The adventures of Æneas, and the character of the society he met on his travels, as compared with the experiences of Ulysses, are treated with great good sense and humour. Mr. Jerome is particularly severe regarding Virgil's Æneas, whom he regards as a prig and a fool. An interesting problem to discuss would have been the failure of Virgil, like the failure of Euripides, to draw a male hero. In the sister arts the difficulty is female portraiture, and every one knows how much easier it is to paint a strong, ugly man than a beautiful woman. At the same time, Mr. Jerome does not adequately appreciate the greatness of Virgil as an artist, even though he represents Augustus as listening to the 'Georgics' for four days consecutively. When we were

young, we believed it was the 'Æneid' that the poet recited, and of it only three books (ii., iv., and vi.), in which he showed both his perfect judgment and his consideration for his audience.

The leading feature of Mr. Jerome's studies is the critical estimation of the scandal circulated about Roman emperors, especially Tiberius and Nero. The former case has long occupied the learned. There was a German book thirty years ago entitled 'Tiberius and Tacitus' (we have forgotten the author's name) in which the great Emperor was rehabilitated, but not in the ingenious way devised by Mr. Jerome. He argues with much good sense that the rumours spread about Tiberius during his sulkily retirement from public affairs at Rhodes have been transferred to a period thirty years later, when he retired to Capri. At the former period he was in middle life; he had many enemies in the imperial household who were intriguing against him. Had it not been for the early deaths of the Emperor's grandsons, he would have been wholly set aside. The scandals invented and circulated by his unscrupulous enemies, especially the ladies, were intended to disgust Augustus with him, and get rid of him. They have neither point nor probability when brought against an old, well-tried, competent emperor, except to give the rhetorician Tacitus scope for his masterly invective. Suetonius, a stupid follower in the same track, has, by his coarse exaggerations, set men thinking about the evidence, and so he has achieved what he least expected—the rehabilitation of his victim and his own discredit. We think that any one who weighs the case, as Mr. Jerome has done, will be satisfied that Tacitus did the Emperor a shocking injustice, for which he deserves severe censure. Whether our author is equally fair to Quintilian, whose great work 'The Institutes of Oratory' he calls a treatise 'On Lying as a Fine Art, for the use of those fully Conscious of their own Rectitude,' is another question. We do not feel sure that he has really studied Quintilian's book. But that Greek and Latin rhetoric was regarded as the art of persuasion is true. The means taken to persuade the hearer or reader may, of course, be either fair or foul. In any case, one phrase about Tacitus, that he is "exuberant in detail," is a charge which that author, we think, would have repudiated more angrily and justly than that of garbling his facts.

We are not wholly at home with Mr. Jerome's vocabulary, but the English language is changing so rapidly that judgments quickly become old-fashioned. Nevertheless, we will remind him that an *apologia* is not an apology in the modern sense; and question the use of *gynophobia*, and some other unnecessary coinages. It should be part of an author's art to practise it within the limits which time and use have consecrated. Even Phidias was a greater artist because he designed his groups for a pediment of a form pre-

sented to him, than if he had scorned all limitations.

Among the sketches in this history which only adopts its special Campanian point of view so long as it suits the author's fancy, we are particularly pleased with that of Sylla, and indeed the estimate of the character of the early Romans. We find also interesting details on the building of the great Roman roads which are wanting in our ordinary histories. On the whole, the style and treatment of the subject remind us of the historico-journalistic work of Signor Ferrero, except that Mr. Jerome has a constant and most refreshing fund of humour wholly lacking to the Italian master. We commend the book before us as not only instructive, but also very good reading.

The author of 'Desert and Water Gardens of the Red Sea' dwelt for years in one of the rare villages upon that desolate and sparsely populated coast which appertains to the Anglo-Egyptian Sūdān. It is a place of exile few would covet; yet Mr. Crossland, being gifted with a healthy optimism and the turn for scientific and artistic observation which preserves a man's mind from subjective vapours, finds in it decided charms, which he has succeeded in communicating to his readers. If the coast is arid and inhospitable, still it has its moments of transcendent loveliness; and beside it there is everywhere the sea, which is as full of life and vegetation as the land is desolate:—

"There is nothing more fascinating than the edge of a reef in the open sea, where numbers of forms and their delightful groupings can be seen in succession, one below another, till they become hazy, and gradually lost in the blue depths, sixty to ninety feet below us. There are precipices clothed with a thick bush of spreading coral, some seeking the light by reaching out to it horizontally, others by growing upwards tree fashion, what appear to be bare rocks turning out to be massive colonies, as much alive as the more plant-like forms; caves, dark in contrast to the bright corals that surround their mouths, and the white shell-sand with which they are floored. . . . Anemones of all sizes and colours abound; and flower-like animals, the most beautiful of which are the sensitive sea-worms, add colour even to the corals. The gorgeous fish which lazily pass in and out, as though flaunting their beauty, have been described by every traveller. The association between certain smaller fish, crabs and other higher animals with corals is remarkable. One sees, for instance, a branched coral with a shoal of tiny green fish hovering near, or in another case the fish are banded vertically black and white. Drop a pebble among them, and they instantly disappear among the branches, and if the coral is taken out of the water the fish still cling to their refuge, and most of them are captured with it. These are but two examples of a whole world of life found only among corals."

Mr. Crossland's work falls naturally into two divisions, the first being concerned with the land and its inhabitants, the second with the sea and all its varied life, especially the different corals and their part in forming reefs and coral sand, barriers, lagoons, boat-channels near the

shore, and all the other accidents of that strange coast. As the result of first-hand observation through a period of years by one excellently equipped for such research, this second part deserves the notice of the expert; while the author's evident enthusiasm for his subject, combined with his lucidity in explanation, is certain to attract the general reader.

Mr. Crossland's all too brief account of the folk-lore of the land he knows so well would have been improved by some acquaintance with Mohammedan tradition. The reluctance here observed to killing cats, for instance, which he regards as "a relic of the ancient Egyptians' reverence for these animals," is found throughout the Muslim world, and has its reason in tradition (*v.* 'Folk-Lore of the Holy Land,' by J. E. Hanauer, Sect. III. p. 265). Also, the author's Arabic is not strong. He writes "La Allah ill' Allah" (an obvious truism) for the "La ilah ill' Allah" of the Muslim creed; and his translation of "Hū hayy kayyām" ("He is the Life, the Almighty") strikes us as too free. When he names the saint whose little shrine was once the only building on the coast where now stands Port Soudan, Shēkh Barūd, he gives every one who speaks a word of Arabic to understand "Saint (or Old Man) Gunpowder"; but he himself translates the two words later as "Saint Flea," when we realize that what he should have written and heard was Shēkh Burghūt.

But these are trifling criticisms. We have no serious fault to find with work at once modest and valuable. The book is illustrated with good photographs, and provided with the necessary maps and diagrams and a sufficient Index.

INDIA AND AUSTRALASIA.

'THIRTY YEARS IN KASHMIR' is commended by the name of its author, Dr. Arthur Neve. Many books about the district and the countries under the sway of its Maharaja have been supplied by him and his indefatigable brother, Dr. Ernest Neve. The former arrived at Srinagar in 1882, the latter in 1886, as medical missionaries, and both have since, by their work, gained alike the confidence of the people and the goodwill of the ruler. Successive Residents, representative of the Government of

Thirty Years in Kashmir. By Dr. Arthur Neve. (Arnold, 12s. 6d. net.)

Cathay and the Way Thither, being a Collection of Medieval Notices of China. Translated and edited by Col. Sir Henry Yule.—Vol. II. *Odoric of Pordenone.* New Edition by Henri Cordier. (Hakluyt Society.)

Reminiscences of India and North Queensland, 1857–1912. By Robert Gray. (Constable & Co., 7s. 6d. net.)

The Ways of the South Sea Savage. By Robert W. Williamson. (Seeley, Service & Co., 16s. net.)

Through the South Seas with Jack London. By Martin Johnson. (Werner Laurie, 10s. 6d. net.)

India, have borne testimony to the excellence of their labours, chiefly from the medical point of view; whilst the Royal Geographical Society has awarded the "Back Bequest" to Dr. Arthur in recognition of important contributions to a knowledge of the physical geography and glaciology of the Himalaya. He now in the volume before us describes the Punjab in 1881, his journey to Kashmir, his missionary companions, and the chief events of his thirty years' experience. He remarks with much truth that during that time

"many things have changed, but not always for the better; with the coming of the locomotive and the introduction of Western manufactures and education, some of the stateliness, the grace, and the patriarchal relation of the rulers towards the people have faded."

Of the Kashmiris the Doctor says with justice that they have not the picturesque aspect or nature of the Afghans, nor do they command the respect which is accorded to Sikhs or Punjabis. Yet he does not despair of a bright future for the race, since it has many attractive qualities. The people are credited with intelligence, quick wit, and artistic sense; and, though proverbially timid, they are capable of courage and determination. For example, in extinguishing a fire the men worked like demons, defied danger, and walked on the burning timbers with bare feet.

In the course of the journeys many well-known travellers were met, such as Dr. and Mrs. Bullock Workman, Dr. T. Longstaff, the Duke d'Abruzzi, and Dr. de Filippi, whose great work describing the Duke's expedition to Karakoram and Western Himalaya was reviewed in *The Athenæum*, December 7th, 1912. This naturally adds interest to a volume the author of which is a born mountaineer, considering no achievement quite equal to that of reaching the top of some stiff and, if possible, unclimbed hill.

The book is, perhaps of necessity, a little disjointed; even the author's journeys do not seem to follow the sequence of date; and ancient stories, such as the Sikh invasion of Ladak, are introduced. More care in proof-correcting should have been taken, and it is disconcerting, to say the least, to meet references in the text—"see photo," "see illustration," "as shown in the picture"—when there are no photographs, illustrations, or pictures adjacent. The illustrations vary considerably in merit. There is an Index, but the sketch-map is inadequate even to a reader familiar with the geography of the country.

The original edition (1866) of 'Cathay and the Way Thither,' by Sir Henry Yule, having long been out of print, and being practically unobtainable, the Hakluyt Society has entrusted M. Henri Cordier, the distinguished savant, with the preparation of a new edition. Following the system he adopted in the third edition of Marco Polo, M. Cordier has so largely supplemented Yule's copious notes that

four volumes instead of two are required. Of these Vol. II., describing the travels of Friar Odoric of Pordenone, is now issued, and will be followed by Vols. III. and IV., Vol. I. coming last; consequently detailed review will be deferred till the book is complete, and for the present a shorter notice will suffice.

Vol. II., as now arranged, contains biographical and historical notices of Odoric with a list of MSS. of his narrative so far as they are known. The travels of the Friar follow, extending from Trebizond to the city of Soldania, the sea of sand, by Ormuz, to Tana in India. Then he tells of the martyrdom of the four friars, after their wonderful preservation from fire, and the signs and wonders which followed; how he took up their bones humbly and devoutly, and the marvels that were worked by their means. Thence he proceeded to Malabar, Coromandel, Java, and to the land called Thalamasin, where he saw trees that yield flour, arrows used in blowpipes, and stones found in canes which make people invulnerable. Of these he says:—

"And when their boys are still young they take them and make a little cut in the arm and insert one of these stones, to be a safeguard against any wound by steel.... And thus through the great virtue of those stones the men who wear them become potent in battle and great corsairs at sea."

Next we read of Ceylon and its great mountain on which Adam mourned; its precious stones, and the birds with two heads. From Ceylon the Friar travelled by sea to China, where he found many cities, crowds of people, and abundance of all things. At Kansan (Shensi?) he mentions great store of rhubarb, beneficial alike to men and beasts. Thence he visited Tibet, a great country where dwelleth the Pope of the idolaters; finally returning from foreign parts to Udine, a city of Friuli, whence "he passed triumphantly from this world to the glories of the blessed."

The volume is closed by the Latin text of Odoric from a MS. in the Bibliothèque Nationale, and an old Italian text in the Biblioteca Palatina at Florence. It is well turned out, the type both of text and notes being good; the illustrations appear to be the same as in the original edition, but the acknowledgment that they are by Yule has been omitted on p. xii. That should be supplied when Vol. I. appears. Yule's map of Asia revised by M. Cordier is to be found in a pocket.

'Geoffrey Hamlyn' in real life—that is how one might describe Mr. Gray's 'Reminiscences of India and North Queensland.' Those who know Kingsley's Australian classic will realize that this is high praise.

Mr. Gray was a pioneer in Queensland, where he decided to settle on retiring from the Army in 1863, much as Major Buckley went to Australia after Waterloo. Mr. Gray has no literary pretensions, and his book is very much what we should expect "Busaco" Buckley to have written, full of the humble details of

the settler's daily round. "These are only trivial incidents," he modestly says, "and I only give them as instancing the sort of life we used to lead on stations in those days." Modern discoveries—especially the advent of the telephone and the motor-car—have so entirely changed the conditions of station life in Australia that Mr. Gray's simple and veracious record has an historical value which makes it worthy of a permanent place on the Australian bookshelf.

He arrived in Queensland four years after that Colony had attained a separate existence—up to 1859 it formed the northern portion of New South Wales—and he seems only just to have retired from the active life of a station owner. In his early days the owner of a station had to be prepared to turn his hand to anything, and work harder than any of his men. In 1870, for instance, when Mr. Gray wanted to sell some bullocks to workers in the new goldfields at Ravenswood, he had to drive them down himself.

"In those days droving was done with a few hands. Two men would frequently take a mob of bullocks several hundred miles, watching them turn about at night, a pack-horse carrying their rations and blankets, and a spare horse or two travelling with the cattle. In this way the cattle became accustomed to the men and horses. At night, when the last beast had given the long puff of breath which denoted that he had lain down, I used sometimes to dismount from my horse, and putting the reins over the saddle so that if the horse shook himself there would be but little noise, I was soon asleep holding the reins, almost in reach of the nearest bullock's tail, knowing from experience that if any of them made a move I should be awake at once. In later years, however, a drover would require a staff of men, including a cook, a cart to carry tents, blankets and rations.... and also would probably ask for a black fellow to drive his spare horses."

Another vignette shows the settler trying to save the lives of five thousand sheep in a drought. The river was dried up, and the sheep were in no condition to travel forty miles to the nearest permanent water-hole. So Mr. Gray, as a last resort, began to prospect in the river-bed.

"We brought down to this place a few sheets of galvanized iron to form the sides of a well, and after clearing away the debris of leaves and sticks, we soon found water, and, as the sand was deep, it was evident we had struck at last a good supply. Fortunately I had in store a roll of canvas, almost twenty yards in length, and whilst the well was in progress, I procured saplings and nailed them on to posts along the sand, and put the canvas between the rails to form a trough, placing saplings also above, where the sheep's heads would come, to prevent them from getting into the trough. Then placing a forked pole upright at the well with a long sapling slung to the fork, to one end of which a rope and bucket were attached, we had the satisfaction of giving the sheep a good drink early in the afternoon, and seeing them draw out to feed afterwards. Then, with the object of providing a greater length of troughs, Charlie Hassel and I felled a couple of hollow trees which we found at a distance of over half a mile. Hassel was the part owner of some cattle which were running with mine,

and he happened to turn up at this particular time. When the trees were on the ground, with a crosscut saw we cut them half through at intervals of about two feet, and then with axes chopped off the upper side. They were nearly full of earth brought in by ants, and required considerable trimming and cleaning out."

Like Robinson Crusoe with his canoe, they then found a great difficulty in transport. Only one horse was available to pull.

"As the trough came forward one of us continued inserting a roller; and though the progress was slow, and the halts were many, the grand old horse responded to each call as if he knew that the lives of the sheep were dependent upon him. After one of our frequent rests, my friend, having smoked a pipe, seemed to take a more hopeful view of the situation. 'Nelson never was beaten,' he said as he got up, 'we will get the trough in yet.' So we pegged away, gaining a few feet at a time, and before dark we had those two troughs alongside the completed well."

We would gladly quote some other of Mr. Gray's "trivial incidents": the bush fire, the bushrangers, the fight with the blacks—all our old friends from 'Geoffrey Hamlyn' are here. But we cannot do better than commend his modest record to readers, as a typical picture of the strenuous backwood lives on which the modern prosperity of the Empire is based.

'The Ways of the South Sea Savage' is the story of a visit to one of the backwaters of the world before the torrential flood of human progress has overwhelmed it in its seething vortex. The path of those who "travel among the living representatives of primitive races of prehistoric times" is not along a bed of roses. Mr. Williamson certainly possesses the pluck, the pertinacity, and the determination necessary for such an undertaking. Despite his "age, slender physique, and lack of experience"; despite ill-health, and the fact that for a considerable period he could scarcely hobble, he ventured—often a solitary white man—among tribes who were "officially" cannibal till recently, and about whose propensity for human food there remains no reasonable doubt.

The present volume will appeal especially to those interested in anthropology. Of "adventure," in the sense of thrilling episode, there is but little. Minute and careful descriptions of the habits of the people, their daily life, their appearance, their feasts, their marriage laws and ceremonies, their social organization and beliefs, are rather what the author has successfully attempted.

Starting from Sydney, Mr. Williamson spent some weeks in the Solomon Islands, principally among the quondam (?) head-hunters of the Rubiana district of New Georgia. Thence he proceeded to British New Guinea, and, passing through the territories of the Mekeo people in lowlands by the coast, and through the Kuni villages in the hills, he eventually reached "the ultimate objective of his expedition," the country where dwell the cannibal Mafulu tribes of the mountains. About the last

folk so little was previously known that "the whole ethnological map had to be filled in." In such circumstances we can readily appreciate the difficulties and misgivings as to possible misunderstandings that must have oppressed the investigator when attempting to catechize "a simple untutored savage.... whose language, for one thing, is quite insufficient in its paucity of vocabulary to express shades of meaning." But apart from being "tormented by positive fear in talking of things supernatural," he is, as the author points out, not the only person who would find it hard to say precisely what he meant, for instance, by his "soul."

From the Western point of view, some of these "simple savages" have singularly unattractive ideas; it horrifies us to think of a mother killing her offspring in order to suckle a pig, which, in certain parts, is considered of greater value than an infant. The "nut," however, exists. Here is a picture of the Mekeo variety:—

"His body shines with the oily red paint with which he has smeared it.... His black frizzy hair has evidently received prolonged attention.... His perineal band (his only wearing apparel) of bark cloth is immaculate in neatness; a fine necklace of beads round his neck, cut shell ornaments.... on his arms, and bands on his legs, below the knees, render him a figure of beauty, which hardly requires the hibiscus flower in his hair to complete it. He is evidently paying court to some girl.... therefore.... he must not bathe, and must refrain from all food, except a little roast vegetable taken with ginger in the evening.... His tight belt proclaims the empty stomach which his abstinence involves."

While belief in the power—always malevolent—of ghosts is an obsession of their minds, dancing and gargantuan feasting are the principal recreations of the New Guinea peoples. Intoxicating liquor apparently has not yet been introduced.

With this pleasing information we must regretfully leave the book, and its excellent and curious photographs, to speak for themselves.

Jack London has already published an account of the much-advertised cruise of the Snark among the islands of the Pacific; but there was plenty of room for 'Through the South Seas with Jack London,' a breezy and high-spirited book on the same subject which has been written by one of his adoring satellites. Mr. Johnson tells us that he was only twenty when he had the good luck to be selected as one of the Snark's crew; he had already, however, contrived to make a trip from Chicago to London and Brussels on the sum of five and a half dollars, returning with twenty-five cents to spare. So when his application to join the cruise was answered by a telegram saying, "Can you cook?" he had no hesitation in replying, "Sure. Try me"; after which he rushed off to a friend's restaurant and proceeded to take a hasty lesson in the culinary art. Within ten days he

worked his way right through a cookery book, though we gather from incidental remarks that his practical success as a cook was never very great. But as an enthusiastic admirer he is perfect. When he first made the acquaintance of his employer he found Jack London exactly the hero whom he had idealized from his books:—

"Jack is just like a big schoolboy, good-natured, frank, generous, and Mrs. London is just a grown-up schoolgirl. They are good comrades, always helping each other in their work."

Mr. Johnson and the novelist seem to have made friends at once—a bond being the fact that they had "snooped around" much the same places in the East End of London.

A most amusing account is given of the building of the yacht, the Snark—only it turned out to be a Boojum. Planned to cost seven thousand dollars, it cost thirty thousand: the English boat-builder's mouth will water as he reads of the ten men employed at a pound a day each on the work. Even so, an outlay of over 6,000*l.* on a 45-foot ketch seems rather high. Of course, there was a seventy horsepower auxiliary engine, and the only iron used in construction was the best galvanized iron. The worst thing was that when this magnificent boat was finally got to sea she leaked like a sieve; and as it had not occurred to any one to have a trial trip, the consequences were very near eclipsing the gaiety of nations. None of the crew seems to have known much about sailing, and the first experiments were as unsuccessful as those of the immortal Capt. Wicks on board the Flying Scud:—

"Jack put the wheel hard down, and the Snark never responded, but remained in the trough. The ship alternately buried her rails in the stiff sea. The mainsail was flattened down, but without avail. Then Bert tried slacking it off, but that had no effect whatever. Hoping to bring her bow up to the wind, they took in all canvas but the storm trysail on the mizzen, but still the Snark rolled in the trough. Jack declared he had never heard of such a thing before. 'And we must even lose faith in the Snark's wonderful bow,' he said regretfully. 'It won't heave-to.'"

Unfortunately, there was no Bellman on board, and the ship was provisioned chiefly with pepper and decaying cabbages.

If Mr. Johnson is accurate in his details, we can only wonder that the Snark ever saw land again. But it is just possible that he exaggerates a trifle. Anyway, his book is very entertaining, and he rattles along pleasantly when he gets to the islands, where he visited the Marquesas—Herman Melville's Typee—Tahiti, Hawaii, Samoa, and Fiji, besides the Dangerous Archipelago and some of the less-known islands. The whole thing was a stupendous lark, and is told as such, and the reader who takes it on these lines will enjoy Mr. Johnson's book throughout.

AFRICA.

IN 1907-8 Duke Adolf Friedrich of Mecklenburg conducted an expedition to Central Africa through the country between Lake Victoria and Lake Kiwu, and its scientific results showed the gaps existing in botanical and zoological knowledge concerning Central Africa, and led to the larger expedition with which the two handsome volumes entitled 'From the Congo to the Niger and the Nile' are concerned.

The Duke's party was well equipped, and he obtained the services of scientific men who had already travelled in Africa, had prosecuted research in such matters as sleeping-sickness, and were competent entomologists. He was particularly fortunate in having with him an artist so clever as Herr Heims, the reproduction of whose water-colour sketches shows what great attention he devoted to interesting details. Some of Herr Heims's pictures must, however, have been done from the sketches or photographs of others. They do not represent things that the artist himself saw. In addition to the coloured plates there are some hundreds of the best African photographs that have ever been reproduced, and also crayon drawings by Dr. Schultze which well depict types of natives met when he was away from the main body of German explorers.

The Duke's expedition was assisted by the German Emperor, the German Colonial Society, and others; and it left Hamburg in July, 1910. A start was made from Lagos, and, after visits to the Cameroons, to the Portuguese island of St. Thomas, to Spanish Guinea, and to Libreville in the French district, it went to Boma at the mouth of the Congo. There the party split up, and one section set out on a geographical, botanical, and zoological expedition through the unexplored part of the South Cameroons. The main body proceeded up the Congo and Ubangi rivers, and spent some time in unexplored country in the neighbourhood of Libenge. From there the Duke's own party visited the basins of the Gribingi and Shari rivers, pushed on to Lake Tchad, and made a stay of some months in Bagirmi. A journey from the Shari to the Nile, included in the original programme, was abandoned by the Duke and some others owing to political disturbances which were at their height at the moment when the Germans wished

to pass through the disturbed regions. Two members of the expedition, however, decided to go on, and, by skirting the disaffected area, they reached the Nile without more trouble than was to be expected.

One would gather from the title-page that these volumes were by the Duke of Mecklenburg. The statement is a little misleading, as His Highness contributes only the Preface and three chapters on the Lake Tchad district to the first volume; while the remainder of the first volume and the whole of the second are by others, who, however, from time to time give quotations from the Duke's diary.

The main zoological work of the expedition was the investigation of the fauna in the northern portion of the great Equatorial primæval forest, and of the animal world inhabiting the adjoining plains of the Sudan. But the party concerned itself also with the collection of ethnographical details of many of the less-known tribes encountered. The scientific information is here scattered throughout two big volumes, but it will no doubt be classified for use in Germany.

Great trouble was taken to secure new flowers, and some of the botanical specimens were obtained by means of field-glasses and a rifle—that being the only way to "gather" them from the tops of trees when, with the aid of the glass, they were discovered. From one district alone the travellers dispatched thirty large cases of ethnological, zoological, and botanical specimens.

On the road to Lake Tchad and among the Saras something was seen of the Jundu ceremonies, regarded by the natives as necessary to avert sickness and ensure good harvests. The young men who are to take part in these ceremonies have to live away from their villages for months, restricting themselves to a certain diet, and avoiding the opposite sex. They allow their hair to grow long; paint their bodies red, except the face, which is white-washed; and practise special songs and dances. Women are never allowed to assist at the festivities.

Of the Belgian Congo, the German author responsible for this part of the book says that every one sings the praise of the new King of the Belgians, but the writer significantly adds that it will be time enough to discuss the promised Congo reforms when they have become an accomplished fact—"and this is still a long way off."

The party saw a good deal of Bagirmi, and from what we read it would appear that medicines are as popular there as, to judge from the advertisement columns of some newspapers, they are in England. The Germans were shown a love philtre, composed of fruits and roots; also a remedy for dog-bites, which could at the same time give immunity from robbery. The root of a tree is guaranteed to afford protection from robbers and murderers; while

"the native men buy a powder which is said to render faithless women virtuous; it is extracted from the heart muscles of

certain animals and is secretly introduced into the lady's food."

In the same district perfumes are popular, but some may be used only by certain persons. The doctors in this respect have a special privilege, and their approach can be scented from a distance. There is also a drug which gives protection from medical rivals, and is a safeguard against the murderous attacks of jealous colleagues; while the skull of a hyena-dog is a potent remedy for insanity.

The description of a visit to the Mangbettu tribe is by no means the least valuable part of this work. Their chief is allowed by the Congo State to retain great powers; and the people, in spite of cannibal tendencies, are highly cultivated, as may be seen from sketches of their sickles, bottles, pottery, wooden shoes, lances, and arrow-heads.

At Bata in Spanish Guinea note is made of the fact that the Spaniards use the place mainly as a source for obtaining labourers for their Fernando Po plantations (which some members of the German expedition afterwards visited), and the methods employed by the Spaniards are described as those of "a modern slave-trade." The Sub-Governor is said to receive no salary, but to be paid so much per head for every "workman" he supplies. In the interior of Bagirmi the slave-trade still flourishes, and the Duke writes that, although there are no longer organized slave-hunts for adults, children are kidnapped and find a ready sale.

We dislike the general labour or "nigger" views held by most of the members of this German expedition. In one place the French Government are blamed for the misconduct of natives. We are told that

"physical punishment is no longer allowed, although all experienced French officials admit that this is the only effective means of educating the negroes.... There is hardly any institution so universal, and consequently so desirable, among negroes as physical punishment."

On the subject of bearers there were constant troubles; and the Duke himself states that on one occasion he "ordered the chief" to find men, "threatening otherwise to attack the village."

At another time four or five native servants were bidden to push a hyena into a cage, and it

"bit them so savagely that they had to let go.... I then beat the men violently with my hippopotamus hide whip, and forced them to take hold."

These are the words of Herr Heims, the artist of the expedition.

In Semio's country it was again difficult to obtain bearers; but Capt. von Wiese und Kaiserswaldau "seized hold of six natives" and "fastened my six prisoners [sic] with one rope." After this he made up his mind to "leave this inhospitable country as rapidly as possible" and hurry on to the English district of Bahr-el-Ghazal. On a later occasion the same writer actually boasts of the fact that when a native guide, whom he had

From the Congo to the Niger and the Nile: Account of the German Central African Expedition of 1910-1911. By Adolf Friedrich, Duke of Mecklenburg. 2 vols. (Duckworth & Co., 11. 12s. net.)

Through Jubaland to the Lorian Swamp. By I. N. Dracopoli. (Seeley, Service & Co., 16s. net.)

Among the Primitive Bakongo. By John H. Weeks. (Same publishers, 16s. net.)

The Conquest of the Desert. By William Macdonald. (Werner Laurie, 7s. 6d. net.)

The Old Transport Road. By Stanley Portal Hyatt. (Melrose, 7s. 6d. net.)

"forced into" his service, led him astray, he "punished him brutally."

Grumbling about the difficulties of ox-transport is common to most African travellers; but the Duke of Mecklenburg complains that French "humanity" forbids the employment of native carriers in all districts where they can be replaced. He exercises his sarcasm at the expense of the French, and suggests that "perhaps a happy day will yet dawn in Europe when all manual labour will be forbidden for humanitarian reasons!"

Dr. Schubotz, who is responsible for part of the second volume, shares the views of his fellow-travellers on the subject of natives. He expresses his anger that blacks should refuse to act as carriers, but confesses that "one could hardly blame them, seeing that the money they earn is of very little use to them." A little later he complains that there were not enough native soldiers to secure carriers for him; and of the Sara native he says that he will only carry a tin-box "if he knows that his refusal will result in his hut being burned."

We have dealt at length with these remarks about native labour. We do not like the revelation of the way in which the German expedition went to work, and we are not surprised that it had troubles. We remember the different way in which Mr. E. D. Morel treated his native carriers in Nigeria, and when we read what he said of their devotion to him, and note that at the end of a long journey he was able to write "I have not had a desertion," we confess that we think travellers who treat their men "brutally," and then have difficulties, get pretty much what they deserve.

The two volumes are handsomely got up; and we have noted only one or two trifling misprints. In one part two spellings for one people (Mangbetu and Mangbatu) are given several times over; and elsewhere we think that the Duke's valet is, by a slip, turned into a doctor.

In some districts the Maria-Theresa thaler was a favourite coin; but when prices are stated in that money, the information is rather wasted on English people. Some of the illustrations are marked with a mysterious cross—no doubt explained in the German text, but here left as a puzzle; and we are told that a certain picture adorns the cover of vol. ii., but in our copy there is no trace of any illustration.

Mr. Dracopoli has successfully accomplished a very difficult journey through country mostly unvisited by Europeans, and he has described it with a straightforward, graphic, and unpretending pen in 'Through Jubaland to the Lorian Swamp.' Without laborious attempts at word-painting, he contrives to bring before us the charm of the *barra* in spots like Jana Nyeri and Rama Gudi as vividly as the thorns, mud, sand, mosquitoes, and various afflictions of other places. Starting from Kismayu, he pursued a somewhat circuitous course west and then north to Jeldez, and then north-west

to the Lorian Swamp, then following the Uaso Nyiro up to Meru, and reaching Nairobi by way of Kenya. The journey was only accomplished by taking a large supply of water (ten iron tanks, carried by five camels), as there were large stretches of country without permanent wells, and many of the rainpools were found to be dry.

Mr. Dracopoli's chief preoccupation was game—rather from the naturalist's than the sportsman's point of view—and he was fortunate in obtaining specimens of several rare antelopes, especially the Arrola, or "Hunter's Hartbeest." But he also took a number of interesting photographs, and mapped some hitherto uncharted country, and has finally settled the problem of the Uaso Nyiro, which, he has ascertained, issues from the eastern side of the Lorian Swamp, though it is a permanent watercourse for only a few miles. After this it is known as the Lak Dera, and is dry, except during the rains; it seems to lose itself in the sand near Afmadu, and never reaches the sea.

The people encountered were mostly Somali and Galla—for the Bworan, though they do not seem to be aware of the fact, are Galla, and recognized as such by the Kofira and Barareta Galla further south. The "Tufi Boran," however, who are found north and north-east of the Lorian as far as Wajheir and Eilwak, can hardly, as he himself points out, be genuine Galla. Their use of bows and poisoned arrows would by itself be a presumption to the contrary; and while the Wasanye and Ariangulo, though speaking Galla, never call themselves by that name, it seems that the "helot races" in the northern territories do not keep up the distinction. We find Vannutelli and Citeri ('L'Omo,' 1899) describing the Bworana as divided into five "castes": the Bworana proper (or the aristocracy), the Gabra, Sakuye, Wata, and Tuntu. The Wata are evidently the Wasanye (who call themselves, and are called by the Galla, Wat), and the Tuntu (Tumtu) are the smiths, who form a separate caste among the Galla as they do among the Somali, under the name Tomal. These last, by the way, are mentioned by Mr. Dracopoli, but we think he has not quite grasped the real state of things when he says that they are outcasts who are compelled to become ironworkers, whereas it is because they are ironworkers that they are outcasts. Paulitschke thinks that, originally, the dangerous nature of the smiths' trade, when carried on close to a number of grass huts, led to their banishment from the villages, and that, when the reason for their seclusion was forgotten, it was supposed to involve something mysterious and unholy. But one wonders if this adequately explains the uncanny associations of this craft all the world over. It is not clear whether the Tomal and the Tuntu are really of a different race from their neighbours.

Mr. Dracopoli says that the Galla are "locally known in Jubaland as the Werdey"—a somewhat perplexing designation. Capt. Stigand says that "the

Galla on and near the Tana....call themselves 'Warde'"; but, so far as our knowledge of them goes, they never call themselves anything but "Orma," nor can we recall any word at all similar to the above except the personal name Worede, which is fairly common. But the authors of 'L'Omo,' already quoted, state that the Bworana speak of some former inhabitants called Warda, who excavated the remarkable wells referred to by Mr. Dracopoli as attributed to the mysterious Maanthinle.

When we say that we have read this book almost at a sitting with the greatest pleasure, we may perhaps be pardoned a few criticisms of detail. We believe the author is mistaken in thinking porcelain was ever manufactured at Lamu: "Lamu china" was imported from Persia and China during the Middle Ages, and subsequently. *Makuti* are not "palm fibre interwoven with reeds and branches," though their true nature is not apparent at the first glance. "Borassa" should be *baraza*; the *shiraa* (the peculiar veil of the Lamu women) is not quite correctly described—it has two sticks only; the initials of "Bwana Reddie," the Provincial Commissioner, are C. S., not A. T.; and "Wiesman" is not the proper designation of the boat which plies between Mombasa and Lamu. "Nahaban" occurs twice over for Nabahan; but for this slip, we happen to know, the author is not responsible.

It is certainly refreshing to meet with a traveller whose porters, servants, and guides were not without exception a collection of reprobates and imbeciles, and we gather that he must have the enviable faculty of attracting to himself the right sort of people. He not only passed in peace through a country the inhabitants of which are reputed anything but *εὐχέλους*, but also nearly always succeeded in making friends with them. The chapter on camels and the hints on outfit are both interesting and useful.

We end with an instructive quotation on a different subject from any hitherto touched on:—

"It is not for me to criticize the resources of East Africa, or to speak of its commercial prosperity; I leave that to those far better fitted than myself. But at the same time I confess that I have been much amused by the glowing and often exaggerated accounts of the Protectorate that I have read in books and magazines, and have often wondered at the perverted ingenuity with which those who had an axe to grind enlarged upon its manifold advantages and glossed over its somewhat obvious drawbacks."

Mr. Weeks, in the course of some thirty years spent on the Congo, has garnered a vast amount of anthropological material, some of which, dealing with the "Bangala" tribes of the upper river, is contained in his previous volume, 'Among Congo Cannibals.' His present work, entitled 'Among the Primitive Bakongo,' describes the customs and institutions of the Bakongo, sometimes called "Fiote," the inhabitants of the old "Kingdom of Congo," whose paramount chief, or

"Ntotela," lives at São Salvador. The actual extent of this kingdom in the time of the late ruler, Dom Pedro (or Elelo), is stated to be only that of "a small English county," but, nominally, it was a territory larger than Wales.

The culture of these people presents many interesting features. On the one hand, we have customs and institutions so far resembling those of other Bantu tribes that they apparently owe nothing to European influence, and, on the other, distinct traces left by three hundred years' contact with the Portuguese. Among such indications we may note that "the cross (Ekuluzu=Cruz) is often used as a charm, and the sign of the cross, made by the naked finger, or with a piece of chalk, is frequently employed in the ceremonies of some cults of fetish men." Chaps. iv. and v. contain a graphic and racy account of the Dom Pedro aforesaid (he died in 1891), of whom Mr. Weeks says, "Personally I have none but pleasant memories of him."

"In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries [it appears] there was a strong native government that had its centre at São Salvador, and its circumference touched Kabinda in the north, Angola in the south, the Sea in the west, and in the east it reached nearly to Stanley Pool, and away towards the Kasai."

This state, which broke up during the eighteenth century, included the kingdom of Luango, of which Mr. Dennett gives an account in 'At the Back of the Black Man's Mind.' The hierarchy of chiefs (their titles seem to differ from those used in Luango) is given in the fourth chapter, and the sixth contains some interesting notes on government and laws. One point worth regard is that, when a serious crime is committed, the law against that crime is not only, in our sense, "broken," but has been rendered inoperative; "it is dead, and anarchy reigns until the law is mended, is brought back to life—i.e., until the culprit who destroyed the law has paid the fine." Hence the utmost dispatch is used in dealing with criminal cases. New laws are rehearsed at the cross-roads, where, too, the chief who performs this ceremony invokes a curse on any who may break the law. Cross-roads are of great importance in Bantu custom, and the above seems to come under the same heading as other practices recorded from East and Central Africa; but when we find that the Bakongo bury suicides at the cross-roads, and that persons supposed to have been killed by the Nzaji fetish (e.g., by lightning) are not only so buried, but also have two stakes driven through their bodies, one suspects some infiltration of European ideas. Chaps. xv. and xvi. deal with the Ndembo and Nkimba guilds (which, the author tells us, have nothing to do with either circumcision or puberty rites, as is sometimes supposed); and chap. xx., 'Black and White Magic,' merits careful study, especially in view of the chapter on 'Religious Beliefs' in Mr. Weeks's former book.

We have touched on only a few of the points discussed in this book, which we

heartily recommend to all students of African ethnography. It is illustrated with some excellent photographs. Those facing pp. 52, 112, 160, and 222 deserve special mention.

In his interesting volume entitled 'The Conquest of the Desert,' Dr. Macdonald sums up the results of his observations during a recent trip through the "Great Thirst Land." The Kalahari Desert, which has long been known under that unattractive description, was termed by Moffat the missionary "the southern Sahara," and it has many features in common with the great desert of North Africa. The numerous beds of dried-up rivers which intersect it show that at one time this district enjoyed a much larger rainfall than is the case to-day; but it is suffering from progressive desiccation, and its 120,000 square miles supported only a few tribes of wandering bushmen till quite recently. The average annual rainfall does not exceed ten inches. Yet Dr. Macdonald dedicates his book to "the million settlers of to-morrow on the dry and desert lands of South Africa," of which the Kalahari includes the most important tract. He gives us good reason to believe with him that this is no merely visionary projection into the future. We all know, of course, that irrigation can make the desert blossom like the rose; the immemorial experience of Egypt, and the recent development of countries like the Central Argentine, bear adequate witness to that. But it would be impossible to irrigate the whole of a vast desert like the Kalahari, even if it is true that there is an abundant supply of underground water to be found by deep boring. It is to a modern branch of agricultural science known as "dry farming" that Dr. Macdonald—who has made a special study of this subject, and written on it a valuable book, now in a second edition—looks for the reclamation of the Kalahari.

In England—for meteorological reasons—we are not practically interested in the question of getting crops off land where the annual rainfall is only a few inches. But in the United States, where there are vast regions in Utah and the neighbouring states with a rainfall of fifteen inches or less, dry farming has been practised for many years. Within the last decade it has been studied with the scientific thoroughness which characterizes the U.S. Department of Agriculture, and an international congress on the subject is now held annually in some part of the West; last year's, by the way, was at Lethbridge, in the Canadian province of Alberta, and was attended by delegates from fifteen nations.

Dry farming does not, of course, mean farming without water; it may be defined as the conservation of soil-moisture during long periods of dry weather by means of special tillage, together with the growth of plants particularly fitted to resist droughts. Dr. Macdonald points out that the essential principles of dry farming were enunciated by Jethro Tull, the classic writer of English agriculture, nearly two

centuries ago. As now extended in the experiments made at the Government Dry Land Station at Lichtenburg, these principles are eight in number: (1) deep ploughing; (2) pure seed; (3) thin seeding; (4) drilling; (5) frequent harrowing; (6) weedless lands; (7) few varieties; (8) moisture-saving fallows. The last principle is the most important of all, since by its means the whole of the scanty rainfall in an arid district is stored up in the soil for the use of subsequent crops. Dr. Macdonald gives an account and a photograph of a splendid crop of durum wheat on which not a drop of rain fell from seedtime to harvest.

This is not the right place in which to discuss dry farming further, but we strongly commend Dr. Macdonald's instructive and enthusiastic pages to all who wish to understand a system which will add incalculably to the food resources of the world and the economic possibilities of our Empire.

The Romance of the Road calls perennially to the heart of man, and of all roads there is probably none comparable to that which runs from the Cape to Egypt, and which Mr. Hyatt considers in 'The Old Transport Road.' Here a sandy track, there superseded by the railway, next a respectable accepted highway, here a mere native track or hunter's path, or vanished altogether in a chain of waterways that becomes a river, it is still the same road that began, as Mr. Hyatt well reminds us, "when the first Dutchman left the shelter of the forts at Capetown, and made his way to the back of Table Mountain." To follow it in the mind as it creeps slowly, stage by stage, up the Hex River and over the Karoo, across the great plateau, over the drear desert of Bechuanaland, and—rushing now—into and over the vast rolling blue spaces of Rhodesia and on into the darkness, and out again by the lakes even to the Nile—here is a noble exercise for the imagination.

Mr. Hyatt was surely fortunate in his theme. "From the very first day I set foot on it, the Road appealed to me as nothing had ever done before, as nothing has ever done since"; and a boy of twenty, with a two years' agreement as electrical engineer to a Matabeleland mining company, he had but one thought—to get through his time and "go on the Road." It was somewhere in late '99, we take it, that his brother and he, aspiring transport-riders, bought their first team of sixteen oxen and a donkey wagon, and, engaging "an alleged driver" and "a piccanini as voorlouter"—i.e., a small black boy who runs at the head of the team on the march and takes them to water in camp—jolted out of Geelong towards Bulawayo.

"Although the wet season had begun, there had been no rain for over a week, and the weather was perfect. After supper, I sat on an upturned bucket and smoked until long after every one else had gone to sleep. A hundred feet up, amongst the granite boulders, almost sheer above me a leopard was growling; once or twice, from the open country outside the kopjes, a lion raised his abominable voice, driving the

game down to his silent partner; whilst, in the vlei, a hyena was, as usual, cursing the whole of living creation. And still it was peaceful amongst those hills, and I turned in at last beside the wagon, feeling that, after all, it was a very good world, that it was a splendid thing to be only twenty-two and your own master."

This was a good beginning of Mr. Hyatt's three years' experience of transport-riding, and is an auspicious opening to his book. Alas! in neither case was, or is, the promise sustained. He writes from memory, and ten years after saying farewell to the Road; and, as he tells us, "the worst of writing reminiscences is that one is apt to get away from the main subject." Mr. Hyatt wanders and is difficult to follow, and the expert Rhodesian who has known the country before Mr. Hyatt's day and since is apt to find himself lost on the veld of a Matabeleland and a Mashonaland which he somehow fails to recognize. To be sure, Mr. Hyatt knew Rhodesia at its worst—from the first December of the South African War to some point in 1902 after Rhodes's death. He revisited the country in 1904, when its fortunes touched their lowest pitch, but on Rhodesia of today his views strike us as misleading.

After leaving Geelong with donkey wagon and oxen our author and his brother made for the railhead, as it was still for transport-riders, at Bulawayo:—

"Those were the great days of transport, the good days.... Scores of wagons left the town every day, loaded with stores of every conceivable kind, from boilers weighing eight thousand pounds to parcels of millinery."

The outlook of the Hyatt brethren was at first gloomy enough. Their plan was plucky—"in the following February" to "trek up to Fort Victoria in Mashonaland, find a road down from there to the district in which we had bought our cattle, and start regularly as cattle-traders and transport-riders, breaking in the pick of the oxen for our own use, and selling the poor ones to the butchers."

But their driver deserted them at Bulawayo for better employment under the military authorities, whose generosity to the natives in the matter of wages and food Mr. Hyatt (in one of his numerous digressions) denounces as iniquitous:—

"Yet [says Mr. Hyatt in an amazing passage] the army officers were not wholly to blame—in fact they were hardly to blame at all. In Rhodesia they were practically in the hands of the local authorities—at least they had to look to the latter for advice and information, and they were deliberately led wrong. Too late they realized that a very large proportion of the Chartered Company's officials were really working for the other side, that everything had been planned to render the British Army unpopular."

To this note in Mr. Hyatt's writing we shall return. Meanwhile, let it be said that a Basuto replaced the defaulting driver, and proved a treasure.

The expedition began badly, with much trouble in the black mud of vleis, and Mr. Hyatt could see, can see, in the high veld of Rhodesia naught but

"unutterable dreariness." This is not a general opinion. But then at Victoria, which he liked better, Mr. Hyatt tells us gravely that the inhabitants so much disliked to be called Colonists that,

"wherever it was possible, married men arranged to have their children born outside the British Colonies, so that they should not be branded as Colonial-born. If a wife could not actually go home, she was often taken across the border, into Portuguese territory. Personally I had the strongest sympathy with this attitude."

We feel happier and less dubious and unconvinced when Mr. Hyatt is describing the manners of goats, and, so far as his confused literary manner and habitual interruptions will let him, the process of dealing with the natives for cattle. Mr. Hyatt thinks nobly of goats, and in at least one relevant passage deplores the

"ignorance which makes people in England who own goats tether their unfortunate victims out in all weathers. It may be customary, I know, but having had a thousand or so goats through my hands, I do not hesitate to say that it is Hell for the goats. And it is so utterly foolish, too, for the goat loses condition through sheer misery, and goes off milk."

Dealing in cattle was a slow business: "I have often had the discussion over the price of an animal drag out from sunrise till dusk." A patient student may be interested in the chapter given to this branch of commerce, and the chapter following, entitled 'Our Cattle,' supplies some pleasant reading. Biffel was the pick of Mr. Hyatt's possessions, a better bullock than Appel, Basket, Scotchman, or Dudmaaker, though these were lusty animals. The Basuto man loved Biffel better than his wife at Bulawayo. A habit of strolling towards strangers with his head down was sometimes misconstrued, but was only friendly curiosity in Biffel. Dudmaaker had the rare distinction of killing a lion, driving a horn right into him and tossing him over the fence.

There are other incidents almost as moving in Mr. Hyatt's full-fed pages, scraps of information about savage man and beast, and the pangs and raptures of the Road; but these call for some sorting-out. The narrative is given anyhow—checked, dammed, and split up by islands of disconnected experiences and moralizing. The result seems less a book than a number of disparate chapters written after many days by a man of an unequal memory, condemned to fill so many pages and handicapped by need of padding and a bias which is neither to hold nor to bind. It is a pity, for with restraint, order, and much elimination Mr. Hyatt, in a third of his 300 pages, might have given us a book on the Road worth having. As it is, the effect he leaves is of a cinema show, excellent in parts, but blurred in exhibition, and interrupted by the voice of an aggrieved lecturer.

The vision on pp. 83-5 of dawn among the kopjes and the awakened caravan is admirably done. But such passages are

rare, or they are drowned in much inchoate, unnecessary stuff, while the shadow of the author too frequently obscures his subject. We are told a great deal about Mr. Hyatt, who appears almost a Byronic figure. He has "played at death," it seems, not in Rhodesia only, but also in other parts of the world, and "its fascination never seemed to grow less. It is one of the two or three things really worth doing." He is "a very lonely man, one of the most lonely men imaginable," having "known the love of woman, and lost the woman I loved"; and though this disaster, he intimates, has been remedied,

"when I have finished this book I would give much for a drink of the Waters of Lethe, so that I could face the future untrammelled by regrets."

Then Mr. Hyatt's grievances! We would fain be sympathetic, for obviously Mr. Hyatt has been in sore, rough places, and had at least his share of hardship and ill-fortune. But an old public-school boy, and one whose "ancestors were Robber Barons of the most approved type—I doubt if the people of the south of France approved of them though," might surely bear his ups and downs with less vituperation of the country in which he toiled and that country's Government. Some of the graver charges we must regard as delusions.

MEXICO AND SOUTH AMERICA.

'THE REAL MEXICO: A STUDY ON THE SPOT,' by Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, does not enter into competition with the numerous volumes which have recently appeared. Most of them devoted chapters to ancient Mexico, the Spanish period, and a consideration of past troubles. All these things Mr. Fyfe wisely leaves aside; and he plunges at once into an account of Mexico of to-day—or, at any rate, Mexico of last October and November.

His "Real Mexico," so far as we understand him, is a country of immense resources and great natural wealth, which would be one of the best places in the world if it could ever secure a strong and settled Government. But then in Mexico nothing ever is settled. Even battles are not finished, and, brutal and fond of killing as the soldiers are, they let the bugle be sounded when "it is time for dinner." Fighting can wait, and may begin again after dinner, unless in the meantime the men have been bribed to go over to the other side.

It is a land where "dainty women talked unconcernedly about peons hung on telegraph poles and the 'funny way' in which soldiers spun round when they were shot,"

and where genial Britons and Americans approve of the execution of prisoners,

The Real Mexico: a Study on the Spot. By H. Hamilton Fyfe. (Heinemann, 6s. net.)
South America. By W. H. Koebel. (A. & C. Black, 7s. 6d. net.)

To the River Plate and Back. By W. J. Holland. (Putnam, 15s. net.)

and declare that "if the Mexicans would only exterminate one another the country would have a chance."

Mr. Fyfe estimates that 60,000 Mexicans and 200 Americans have already been killed in the present war; and in parts of the United States which lie next to Mexico he found feeling bitter against the inactivity of President Wilson (this as long ago as last October), though in other districts of the States Americans are indifferent and "densely ignorant about Mexico."

The author saw a great deal of the Mexicans, but confesses that he "came away with his mind awl," and he found all their habits so different from anything known in Europe or the United States that he thinks it impossible to apply to Mexico, as President Wilson does,

"the same tests and the same standards which obtain in countries where the idea of self-government is a plant of mature growth."

To the position of the United States Mr. Fyfe constantly returns. Once he quotes an Englishman well known in Mexico, who said:—

"Mr. Wilson and Mr. Bryan accuse the President of being responsible for one death. They are responsible for thousands. But for them the civil war would have ended long ago";

and the comment on this is that "most foreigners in Mexico share that Englishman's view."

A little later we are told that "all blame the Washington Government.... The Americans are loudest in their condemnation" of their own Government.

"All say that if General Huerta had been recognized by the United States, he would have been able to suppress the revolution."

Mr. Fyfe is not sure that this view is right, and his chief reason for doubt is that everywhere he found it believed that the Federal officers are not trying to end the war. From the highest to the lowest they are declared to be making money out of their commands and to have no wish for peace. Mr. Fyfe knows that this is a "monstrous charge" to bring against an army, but he finds it hard to escape from the conviction that there is truth in it.

Writing, of course, before the murder of Mr. Benton, but after some 200 Americans had been killed, Mr. Fyfe says that it is easy to bluff the Mexicans, and that, had the United States been firm, their citizens would not have been robbed and murdered, and Mexico might be safe now for foreigners. He thinks, however, that the theory of the United States Government is that "foreigners have no rights in Mexico and ought not to expect protection": a statement which hardly does justice to the extremely difficult position in which the Washington Government is placed.

When Mr. Fyfe looks ahead he suggests that the only hope for any permanent settlement lies in joint peaceable intervention by the United States and the Great Powers of Europe. To such intervention he thinks Mexico would listen, though he

shows that Mexicans are so ignorant that they believe themselves sufficiently strong to invade the United States. Mr. Fyfe does not, however, explain what the next step would be in this "peaceable intervention" if the Mexicans declined to have anything to do with it, and we doubt if the United States are likely to welcome any sort of European intervention.

Mr. Koebel's 'South America,' though it is interesting, can hardly be said to fill a gap. He frankly states the difficulty of putting into one volume of handy size the history of so vast a continent as that which gives the title to this new work in "The Making of the Nations" Series; but he has tried to show us something of the authorities and peoples of South America, rather than to give a catalogue of Governors and Presidents. He speaks only of the men who have been most prominent in the affairs of that continent, and he has avoided statistics. History in this condensed fashion can never be lively reading, and we think that M. Garcia Calderon's book, from which he occasionally quotes, is still the better volume for those who want a general short account of Latin America. M. Calderon filled his book with facts, as Mr. Koebel has filled his, but the former was successful in putting life into his dry facts and figures; and life is a little lacking in the pages before us.

After some general chapters (good in their way) on the pre-Spanish days, on Columbus, the Spanish conquistadores, the discovery of Brazil, and the conquest of Peru, and after reviewing the colonization of the South, and foreign raids on the Spanish and Portuguese colonies, Mr. Koebel gives detailed information with regard to most of the colonies as they exist to-day.

He points out that in the disturbed days of Peru no single leader was left to die a natural death; and the history of South America in general suggests that it would have needed no great stretch of the imagination to say much the same thing about most of the neighbours of Peru. Chile is, we think, the only country in South America which can boast of having had no revolution within the memory of living men; but even Chile had a civil war only two-and-twenty years ago; while throughout the continent there are innumerable instances of the method of making history which consists in killing one President in order to set up another in his place.

Mr. Koebel has collected some interesting notes on the way in which the Spaniards and the Portuguese treated their South American possessions in their early colonizing days, and he shows how the unfortunate dweller in South America was not allowed to bargain or haggle, but was forced to take whatever was sent out at the rate fixed in Europe; and how, in the same fashion, he received for his exports exactly what the people at home thought fit to allow him. There is, of course, no hint of party politics in Mr. Koebel's

writing, but his facts might be used for the upsetting of some of the amazing fiscal arguments which have been made to do duty on party platforms in England during the last few years.

The author seldom allows himself to indulge in prophecy, but at the very end of his story he does suggest that in the less settled states "the age of tranquillity is now at hand"; and he adds that, in his opinion, "the South American temperament is, in itself, no more revolutionary than any other." The argument is that, when the material circumstances of any state have been brought to resemble those which prevail in Europe, the political conditions in America and in Europe will be alike. The difficulty with which the more advanced republics have to contend is not, he suggests, revolution, but rather that the strife of to-day tends to contests between labour and capital. We call attention to these views, but think Mr. Koebel's arguments would have carried more weight if he had dealt also with the part played in South America by the policy which bears the name of President Monroe. That doctrine is changing, and has in very recent days passed from the defensive to intervention and to conquest; and the people of South America are alarmed at the interference of the North in their affairs. Then, too, we think that Mr. Koebel should have examined the rather embarrassing financial conditions of some of the South American states, and should have noted facts with regard to what is called the Japanese "invasion," a matter which interests Brazil, Peru, and Chile. But, so far as we remember, these matters (like the Monroe doctrine) are not considered by the author.

He has given us some most interesting illustrations (without, in general, saying whence they are derived); but his Index is too incomplete to be praised.

An accurate description of Dr. Holland's 'To the River Plate and Back' is afforded by its sub-title, "The narrative of a scientific mission to South America, with observations upon things seen and suggested."

The mission was for the installation in the La Plata Museum of a replica of the *Diplodocus carnegiei*. The narrative of the voyage and the things that the author saw in Brazil, Uruguay, and Argentina reveals the evident personal charm of the author, and is cast in a vein of pleasing discursiveness. In his observations Dr. Holland shows the effects of scientific training, inasmuch as they consist almost invariably of careful deductions from accurately apprehended facts. In this regard especially the book compares favourably with a large number of other works, the authors of which have spent but little time in the countries they attempt to describe. Particularly in all (and one could wish it had been more) that he says about Argentina, where he necessarily spent the greater part of his time, the author shows that, in addition to his own keen observation, he

has exercised great selective care in regard to the information offered him.

The whole book is eminently clear and readable as well as informative. In the first chapter Dr. Holland says that "at this point the reader, unless he is well versed in the recent progress of palæontological research, may well ask, 'What is a *Diplodocus*?'". After a remark that if any one of the members of the Geological Society of America should chance upon this book (as they surely all will) he is at liberty to omit the perusal of what immediately follows, comes a clear summary of all that is known about "the beast which has made paleontology popular."

In like manner the average reader will find that, without conscious effort, he has become intimate with, and interested in, many things regarding which he may have had but more or less vague ideas before: with the vegetation, animals, insects, and geological formations of various parts of South America, and the numerous races of men now seething towards adaptation and homogeneity in Argentina and the other Southern republics.

With regard to vegetation, it may be remarked that, while, as Dr. Holland says, "scores of European and North American weeds have found congenial soil in Argentina, and are apparently replacing the native flora," the characteristics of imported grasses have a strong tendency to disappear in favour of those of the surrounding native pasturage.

The author was fortunate in arriving in Buenos Aires at the time of the great annual cattle show, as to which he observes, "I doubt whether anywhere in the world at the present time a more impressive exhibition of this sort is to be seen." Similar opinions are invariably expressed by the many competent judges from the Northern hemisphere who are to be found each year at Palermo, the suburban district in which the show is held.

Though the time at his disposal in the intervals of the difficult and delicate work of erecting the "*Diplodocus*" did not permit of his seeing very much of the "camp," Dr. Holland describes a pleasant trip among the picturesque and fertile islands of the Paraná, and a flying visit to the sugar-fields of Tucumán.

Nearly everywhere he added something to his entomological collection. He notes that he saw only one snake (a harmless one, which he caught and preserved) in Argentina, and adds dryly, "It was a real snake."

He gives an interesting account of what probably is the true history of the reports current a few years ago as to the existence of a living mylodon in the southern regions of Argentina, and was himself lucky enough to be on the spot to verify a discovery of great interest. This was the finding of a piece of pottery embedded in the matrix of the lower part of the Middle Pampean beds near Mar del Plata, and close to where Dr. Holland and his party had just found the remains of mylodon and megatherium. As to the results of this discovery, the author, while

acknowledging that it suggests a whole world of inquiries, gives it as his own reasoned conclusion that

"the Middle Pampean is a Pleistocene formation, from a geological standpoint comparatively modern, possibly laid down not more than fifty thousand years ago, and that man was the contemporary of many of the strange animals which tenanted South America at that time."

Towards the end of the book Dr. Holland says that he noted, "not without surprise," that the Argentine press occasionally expressed "a feeling of suspicion and distrust as to the integrity of the purposes of the citizens of the United States." In reality, while Argentine commerce does mistrust and fear anything which appears to smack of the introduction of "Trust" methods, the whole country deeply and fiercely resents everything resembling foreign interference with its customs and institutions. There is no more frankly severe critic of himself and his country than the Argentine, and no one is more restlessly anxious than he for improvement and progress; but he alone must be his own critic, and the chooser of the remedies for his own defects. His fervent patriotism will not permit any one else to dictate how he should put his house in order, and he suspects the United States of a desire to do so.

One slip may be noted, since it is of frequent occurrence, not only in this book, but also in others treating of South America, viz., the spelling of the word "gaucho" as "guacho."

The book is well got up, and, besides reproductions of the author's colour-sketches of sea scenes, includes many good photographic and engraved illustrations. The frontispiece shows twelve South American butterflies in their natural colours. The back of the cover is adorned with a typical *mate* cup and *bombilla*. The Index has been carefully compiled.

From the Thames to the Netherlands: a Voyage in the Waterways of Zealand and down the Belgian Coast. By Charles Pears. (Chatto & Windus, 6s. net.)

To strike the happy medium in the writing of a log is no easy task. There are logs which are no more than inflated guide-books, and there are others which treat the incidents of the voyage with such an ecstasy of technicalities that they become wearisome even to the amateur sailor-man. The ideal log should be guide, philosopher, and friend, and if Mr. Pears does not entirely reach the ideal, his lively pages at any rate provide very pleasant reading. Sometimes his style is inclined to become a little florid, and sometimes he is, perhaps, a little over-anxious to get the utmost out of a situation or incident. But these are small defects and may easily be forgiven.

The main point is that Mr. Pears is able to hand on his enthusiasm to the reader. His log is full of the salt of life and the salt of the sea, and the landsman as well as the sailing-man will be

the better for reading it. Mr. Pears has the true cruising spirit. In his first chapter he tells us that his original intention was to sail for the North of England, and instead he found himself heading for Holland. He gives a good enough reason for his change of plans, but we suspect that he might have changed them in any case. To cruise in a small yacht with a fixed time-table ahead is a fatal piece of pedantry that generally leads to disaster.

The present log is a companion work to Mr. Pears's earlier book, 'From the Thames to the Seine,' in which he recounted his adventures in a four-tonner along the coast of France. Now he is off in a slightly larger boat, the *Rose*, a sturdy square-sterned cutter of seven tons, twenty-five feet long, and a trifle over nine feet broad. We notice that Mr. Pears is not what the shoregoing folk call "house proud." He does not linger lovingly over a minute description of all the trappings of his craft. A few words of introduction, and he is sailing away from Essex, with only himself and his son (a boy of 14) to make up the ship's company. The *Rose* found the North Sea in a stormy mood, and before the shelter of Flushing was reached she had lost her dinghy. From Flushing she passed through the canal to Veere, that fascinating little town whose crumbling and deserted Groot Kerk alone remains to recall the memory of what was once a great and prosperous city. Thence the *Rose* threaded her way amongst the network of creeks, canals, and estuaries that lie northward of the island of Walcheren, returning home by way of the French and Belgian ports. Altogether it was a charming cruise over waters that offer an endless variety of sailing.

Mr. Pears is artist as well as author, and the book is fully illustrated with his sketches. We prefer the pictures in monochrome to those in colours, but that, probably, is because colour reproductions on so small a scale do not do justice to the originals.

Hare (Augustus J. C.), WALKS IN ROME, including Tivoli, Frascati, and Albano, Twentieth Edition, edited by St. Clair Baddeley, 10/6 net. Kegan Paul

The text of this excellent little handbook remains practically that of the seventeenth edition (published 1905). Students who wish to be abreast of the latest discoveries and "attributions" must, therefore, supplement it by the papers which are constantly issuing from the various schools and archaeological societies in Rome, and the more recent reports of experts.

For the visitor who is neither antiquary nor classical scholar it remains an admirable introduction to a field of observation in which the novice is apt to feel bewildered by the multitude as well as the magnitude of the claims on his attention. We observe with satisfaction that the various plans scattered through the volume have been brought up to date, showing the new additions to our knowledge in the Forum and elsewhere: The fifty photographs, though necessarily small in scale, are clear and attractive.